

EARTHQUAKE HORRORS

Related by Miss Anna Poston, of Oakland, Cal.,

INTERESTING LETTER

Received by Dr. Rannells of this City.

Dr. D. A. Rannells of this city, has received a most interesting letter from his niece, Miss Anna Poston of Oakland, California, under date of April 20, two days following the earthquake at San Francisco. Miss Poston's experience during the day of the earthquake and the following days of horror and terror are well worth perusing. The letter follows:

I hope that your telegram reached you in plenty of time to save you any worry the terrible news from California may have caused you.

We are all safe and are everyone of us seated now around the table in Uncle Sam's library.

John and I were the only ones who really had narrow escapes, and thank goodness he did not have to go through anything to compare with my experiences.

I shall try and give you an outline of my adventures on Wednesday, the day of the earthquake.

Mrs. B— had been feeling rather poorly and so her husband decided Sunday morning that she had better go down to the big hotel, The Vendome, at San Jose, and take a few days rest. She only thought of going Sunday morning, so she telephoned, asked me, and we left Monday afternoon. Such a thing as an earthquake never occurred to us and until Wednesday morning at 5:13 we had a splendid time.

The Vendome is a great, big hotel, almost as large as that at Delmonte. The annex of the hotel is built onto the old building so that it is a continuation of it. There is no passageway between them.

At 5:13 on Wednesday morning we were awakened by the most terrible earthquake ever felt in California. The annex was rocking like a ship at sea. First our end of the building would lift clear of the ground and then the other would go up in the air. I don't know why we did not try to raise up in bed but we did not. To that fact we owe our lives.

Of course, we would have been unable to stand, but we would have been crushed had we gotten up. It seemed like hours we lay there waiting for the crash to come. I remember thinking I would cover my head with the bed clothes, and how despairingly I thought that the beams when they fell would hurt me as much as if I were uncovered; so I lay there without even trying that. Soon the laths and plaster began to fall, striking me on the back of the head and on the side of my face, I was lying on my stomach when the shock came.

I remember opening my eyes and seeing the corner of the room come away over my bed and then swing as far out again. At last the prayed for crash came. How we welcomed it. You cannot imagine how I had hoped it would come soon and end it all quickly. All we wished was that we might be killed quickly for we had no hope that we might be saved.

For a minute we lay there without moving and then we got out of bed. The room was in ruins. The floor tilted to an angle of 45 degrees; the walls burst out; the windows broken; the doors and ceilings utterly crushed and our beds twisted all out of shape.

The laths and plaster lay all around us, so that we could not see the floor; the dust was so thick we could hardly distinguish each other; and our clothes were buried out of sight.

After it was over we were so stunned that we acted as if nothing had happened. I found and put on my shoes and stockings so that I could walk on the fallen plaster and laths. Mrs. B— could not find her shoes so she dressed in all her clothes, but skirt and waist, while I hunted them and got all our other things out of the closet and dresser. We saved everything but one of my side combs and a bottle of toilet water, which was smashed by a marble slab falling on it. We packed all the small things in the suit cases and some men came in and tied our other things in a sheet and threw them out of the window. By that time Mrs. B— was all dressed and a man said we must leave the building. He threw a blanket over my night gown, and we were lifted out and taken over to the main hotel, where we could finish dressing and packing our things.

Perhaps you have read that the annex of the Hotel Vendome was demolished. Demolished was not the word when it fits the occasion. It was literally taken up, twisted around, and then thrown on the ground. Where before it joined the main building, there is now a gap of twenty feet. It was three stories high, and now at one end the roof is flat on the ground. Our room was in the second story, and yet men could walk

up the wall of the first floor and carry out our windows.

We were put in charge of the clerk of the hotel and as soon as he could get to us he rushed up the wall to our window and stuck his head in to ask if we were hurt. He said he never saw two people so calm in his life. We were quietly dressing and sent him away to help others who were hurt. The main hotel was left standing but it will have to be torn down.

We really were not calm, but we were unable to realize what had happened. Such a thing as another shock never occurred to us, and we never once thought of the building falling on us, or we would have gotten out as soon as we could. I could not keep my blanket around me at first, and remember saying to the man who carried me out "I can't keep my blanket on; I am not a Roman senator or an Indian squaw."

There was only one man killed in the building and he was in the room across the hall from us. He crawled under his bed and was crushed. The man who slept with him escaped without a scratch.

There were 37 people in the annex and we all owe our lives to the fact that a tree against which the building was thrown stood and kept the ruins from settling.

I can't understand how the tree stood, for it crashed half through a room and splintered a bed on which a man and his wife were sleeping. They escaped without a scratch.

Several were buried under the ruins and had to be dug out, but they were not seriously hurt, and all but one walked away with the assistance of the bystanders. The one who is carried out on a stretcher was a young man who was buried under the debris for about six hours. He is suffering more from the shock than from any injuries he sustained, although his back was strained a little.

The day before the earthquake, when we were driving down town, we met a young man we had known in Oakland. We told him where we were staying and asked him to come and see us. Wednesday morning, as soon as he had heard of the disaster, he came to hunt us up, and stayed quite a while with us.

He came up to Oakland that day, and it was through him that mother and Uncle Frank learned that we were unhurt.

All the water and gas pipes in the hotel were damaged so that we could not get even a drink of water, or a light a fire to cook. One of the housekeepers brought a great basket of bread out on the veranda for the people.

Mrs. B— and I thought that as soon as mother or Uncle Frank learned of the disaster they would send for us. So we stayed on the hotel veranda from six o'clock in the morning until two in the afternoon.

At about ten in the morning while we were sitting there waiting them, some one said "Anna" in a sort of choked voice, and looking down I saw John standing by the steps. He was the most disreputable looking individual I ever saw. But no one can realize how glad I was to see him.

John said that as soon as he heard of the accident at the Vendome he got a team and drove as hard as he could to San Jose, about twenty-five miles. They asked everyone they met if anyone had been killed there and were told all sorts of wild stories. One said thirty had been crushed, another fifty, and at the entrance to the grounds of the hotel a man said three hundred had met their death in the ruins.

John was pretty glad to see me too, but he only stayed a few minutes, and then went back to school. John said the old frame building he was in rocked dreadfully and all the plastering fell, but otherwise his experience was no worse than mother's.

You can't know the anxiety we felt when upon inquiry no news could be gained in regard to the situation in San Francisco and Oakland. At last a man told me that the shock had not been felt there and that everything was all right. The next person said that San Francisco was flat on the ground with a huge fire raging in the ruins, and that Oakland was worse. At about 1:30 a man came in from San Francisco and said that the city was doomed; that the fire was carrying everything before it, and that they were dynamiting the buildings to see if they could not control it. This last report proved to be true, as we found when we reached San Francisco.

We also heard another report that an immense tidal wave had swept over the city, carrying men and houses out to sea. This we knew to be impossible, so were not worried by it. We had about given up in despair of ever seeing our families again, when a man dashed up in a big Pierce Arrow, and asked if there was any news from the city and that he was going to start for there at once. With out stopping a minute I called to him and asked if he were really going and when he said "Yes," and said if we cared to take advantage of it that the whole tonneau of his car was at our disposal. We accepted without hesitation.

Then came the most harrowing experiences we had to endure. There were having given up all hope of Uncle Frank sending for us starting out to go to a burning city with a man we had never seen. We did not have time to think better of our decision before we were off at 85 miles an hour for San Francisco, sixty miles.

Mr. W— was a young man of about thirty and one of the most reckless but withal the best chauffeur I ever

saw. His management of that huge car was nothing short of wonderful and he said himself that he would never have dared doing what he did under ordinary circumstances. We made the drive from San Jose to San Francisco in two hours. I shall never forget that ride as long as I live. It was a terrible as well as a wonderful adventure. In places where the road was bad and that was not infrequently the case, we held on by main strength to keep from being thrown bodily out of the car.

Think of tearing madly along in an auto toward a city, which from all you knew to the contrary might have been already erased from the map.

When we were yet thirty miles from the city we commenced to see the smoke from the fire, and to meet to people leaving the town in automobiles.

As we drew nearer and nearer, the refugees became more numerous and the smoke blacker, until when we were within five miles of the burning city a steady stream of people, some walking, some in all sort of conveyances and all with bundles of bedding and clothing slung over their shoulders, passed as hurrying from the scene of disaster.

The fires started some time about six o'clock in the morning Wednesday and by the evening of the same day 100,000 people were homeless. By Thursday 300,000 were camping in the vacant lots and parks. The fire was not controlled until late Friday night when only one-fourth of the city was left.

When we arrived, Mr. W— drove us immediately to his brother's house, where he was met with the news that he did not have a cent in the world but what he had in his pockets. Never once while we were with them, about four hours, did we hear one of the family mention their loss in a way which would make us uncomfortable or make us feel that it was on their mind. In fact, I do not think a word was said about it, except once when the youngest brother said, "They say the insurance companies won't be able to pay."

All the water they had in the house was a little they had drawn in a bathtub to drink. They gave us a little of that to wash with. They had no gas to cook with, and all the food they had in the house they put on the table, and asked us to share with them. It consisted of one box of sardines, two plates of bread, some pate, and some crackers. Mrs. W— had a little milk for her two babies and she would insist upon our having some, but of course we would not drink any. Once while at the table we felt a slight earthquake, we had nineteen during the day, and we all rushed out of the yard carrying the children.

While we were still at the table some one came in, and said he had just heard from a woman that the ferries were running. Mrs. B— and I went to put on our hats, while Mr. W— went out to hunt up the woman. He found upon inquiry that she had only heard a rumor to that effect. We did not think it impossible to reason the ferries, as the water front was all on fire. Mr. W— walked down a way to inquire. He came back with a university boy who knew a way to reach the ferries and said he knew the boats were running.

When we were ready to go we found that there was only a very little gasoline in the tank. Mr. W— said there was enough so that he could get us to the boats, but he did not know whether he could get clear back. We tried to dissuade him from going but he insisted. You see by using up the little gasoline he had he was cutting all hope of escaping from the city if the fire reached out there; gasoline was at a premium in the city and one could not get any for all the money in the world.

By that time San Francisco was under martial law, and we were afraid we would be unable to leave the city. At last we were off on a most thrilling ride I ever had. We dashed down hill toward the fire; past sentries without stopping; and on until we came within a block of Market, and then a roaring furnace. Fortunately the wind was blowing

WANTED—Traveling Salesman. Must furnish references and invest \$1000 in first class 6% bonds. Salary and expenses paid. Experience not required, we teach business at our mills. The Wheeling Roofing and Cornice Company, Wheeling, W. Va. — Mel. 29 6w



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In All Stores



in the other direction so it was not very hot. One place for a little distance the buildings on both sides of the street were traveling were burning, but we were going so fast it was not really dangerous.

One soldier called out to us as we passed, in a most pitiable manner, "Say, got anything to eat?" At last we arrived at the ferry, and Mr. W— rushed in and got our tickets for us. Then, as his machine was leaking and he had to save all the gasoline he had, left us to wait until the boat started.

That is the last I ever saw of Mr. W—. We have advertised in everything which has been printed since the fire, for him to come to us if he or any of his relatives were in need of help, but we have had no word of them. I have written to him at San Jose and to his sister at San Francisco. I wonder if we will ever hear of them.

Our trip to Oakland was dangerous in a way for a very rough element was on the boat and Mrs. B— and I were all alone. When we reached Oakland we found that the city was under martial law also, and that the cars were not running.

We started to walk but were stopped by a soldier and a policeman. They said we would have to go around another way through a very dark and isolated street.

There we were with two heavy suit cases and a mile walk ahead of us, after having been up since five o'clock that morning. Mrs. B— was almost ready to drop, but I knew I could get past that sentry. I set my suit case down on the side walk and commenced to talk. I said that there was no talking, we were all alone and we could not go around through that lonely street. We had to go through and they had to let us. Of course they let us pass and took us across the street to a stable where we got a carriage and arrived home at about 11:30.

Now you have the history of the most eventful day of my life.

Doctor Cured His Patient Without Resorting to Drugs.

The late Dr. Gates B. Bullard, for more than a generation the leading physician at St. Johnsbury, Vt., did not always rely upon drugs for a cure, says the Boston Herald. He was of fine presence and heroic proportions and was a very picturesque user of profane language when occasion made it expedient.

Being called one night in the dead of winter to the bedside of a farmer who had been suffering from an incessant attack of hiccoughs for



THE DOCTOR GRABBED HIM BY THE THROAT.

three days and was near death, he wrapped himself up in his fur coat, pulled his fur hat down over his face, leaving but little visible besides his eyes and his whiskers, and hurriedly drove away.

He did not stop for preliminaries, but entered the house and without a word passed into the sickroom. Before the invalid knew he was there he jumped on the bed, grabbed him by the throat and, raising him from his pillow by the neck, exclaimed: "Confound you! I want you!"

The man not only survived heart disease, but never hiccoughed again.

Always in the Way.
While General Butler was governor of Massachusetts he made an official trip to the United States revenue cutter Gallatin to Gloucester. During some evolutions of the vessel, involving the setting of the sails, a seaman aloft dropped the end of a rope he was working with. It being a very warm day, Butler was sitting with his hat off just under the mast, and the rope fell on his bald head, raising quite a welt.

Members of the staff and officers of the ship were prompt to offer sympathy and the ship's officers to apologize for the unfortunate accident.

General Butler said as he wiped his head: "Oh, it doesn't matter. This head of mine has been in somebody's way all my life."—Chicago Inter Ocean.

Kept Himself Cool.
A man and his wife were once staying at a hotel when in the night they were aroused from their slumbers by the cry that the hotel was afire.

"Now, my dear," said the husband, "I will put into practice what I have preached. Put on all your indispensable apparel and keep cool."

Then he slipped his watch into his vest pocket and walked with his wife out of the hotel.

When all danger was past he said, "Now you see how necessary it is to keep cool."

The wife for the first time glanced at her husband.

"Yes, William," she said, "it is a grand thing, but if I were you I would have put on my trousers."—Boston Herald.

Probate Notice.
Notice is hereby given that the following Accounts and Vouchers have been filed in the Probate Court of Hocking County, Ohio, for final settlement, resignation being also filed: John C. Henshaw, guardian of Charles E. Woodward, a minor, and the same will come on for hearing on the 25th day of May A. D. 1904 at 10 o'clock a. m., or as soon thereafter as may be convenient.

GOING SOUTH.
Leave Logan... 7:30 A.M. P.M. 8:00
Arr. Nelsonville... 10:00 5:45 8:25
Arr. Athens... 10:30 6:15 8:50
Arr. Murray City... 11:10 6:50 9:30
Arr. New Pittsburgh... 11:30 7:10 9:50

Probate Notice.
Notice is hereby given that the following Accounts and Vouchers have been filed in the Probate Court of Hocking County, Ohio, for final settlement, resignation being also filed: W. H. Armstrong, executor of the will of Sarah Armstrong, deceased, and the same will come on for hearing on the 25th day of May A. D. 1904 at 10 o'clock a. m., or as soon thereafter as may be convenient.

GOING NORTH.
Leave Logan... 7:30 A.M. P.M. 8:00
Arr. Columbus... 7:50 8:25 8:50
Arr. Marion... 10:15 8:40 9:10
Arr. Toledo... 12:10 9:35 1:00
Arr. Chicago... 3:30 12:40 1:10
Arr. Detroit... 4:20 8:40 9:10

Notice to Teachers.
The Board of School Examiners of Hocking County will meet at the School Building in Logan, Ohio, at 8:30 a. m., on the first Saturday of each month, for the examination of applicants for Teacher's Elementary certificates; and on the first Saturday of September, December, March and June for the examination of applicants for Teacher's High School and Special Certificates. Examinations for pupils desiring to enter high schools will be held on the third Saturday of April and the second Saturday of May.

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Compound Gives Positive
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Both Phones No. 78.
OFFICE HOURS—7 to 10 a. m. and 1 to 3 p. m. and 6 to 8 p. m. Sunday 8 to 10 a. m. and 3 to 6 p. m.

RESIDENCE—Hunter Street, first house west of Harrington residence, Citizen Phone No. 7; Bell Phone 1901.

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To effect Dec. 10, 1903.
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Leave Logan... 7:30 A.M. P.M. 8:00
Arr. Nelsonville... 10:00 5:45 8:25
Arr. Athens... 10:30 6:15 8:50
Arr. Murray City... 11:10 6:50 9:30
Arr. New Pittsburgh... 11:30 7:10 9:50
GOING NORTH.
Leave Logan... 7:30 A.M. P.M. 8:00
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Arr. Marion... 10:15 8:40 9:10
Arr. Toledo... 12:10 9:35 1:00
Arr. Chicago... 3:30 12:40 1:10
Arr. Detroit... 4:20 8:40 9:10

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ORINO Laxative Fruit Syrup is a new laxative syrup combined with the delicious flavor of fruits, and is very pleasant to take. It will not gripe or sicken. It is much more pleasant and effective than Pills, Tablets and Saline Waters, as it does not derange the Stomach, or irritate the Kidneys, Liver or Bowels.

Constipation.
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